

The World

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SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

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GAR SQUARE.

The Evening World Prints Asso-

ciated Press News.

A Gain of

36,213

PER DAY.

The following figures are taken from the books of THE WORLD and are SUBJECT TO ANY TEST or comparison to which esteemed contemporaries may be pleased to subject them:

Total number of WORLDS printed bona fide

during December, 1890.....9,208,780

Total number of WORLDS printed bona fide

during December, 1891.....10,331,420

Total gain for

December,

1891.....1,122,640

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR DECEMBER, 1890,

297,058.

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR DECEMBER, 1891,

333,271.

AVERAGE GAIN PER DAY FOR 1891,

36,213.

INCREASE IN

ADVERTISING.

Number of Advertisements in THE WORLD

during the month of Decem-

ber, 1890.....52,659

During the month of

December, 1891.....59,014

A Gain of

6,355

Advertisements.

IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

In taking the stand which it has taken against the outlaws of New York, THE EVENING WORLD has been inspired only by its constant desire to be true to the public to whose service it is dedicated on the day of its birth. Whatever success it has won in its crusade against lawlessness and in-justice it brings to the altar of that same public service. It believes, indeed, that it has won triumphs in this, as in other undertakings, only because the cause was that of the people and of the right.

Today, the fight to secure the suppression of outlaws, to enforce the code drawn for the protection of life and property, to defend New York's good name and "make this city a better place to live in," is being waged earnestly on the grounds mapped out by THE EVENING WORLD. Numbers of dens lately open wide and defiantly are now closed. Others are running guardedly on short time. In still others it is felt, apprehensively, that the day of their prosperity in wickedness is past, and that the time of reckoning is close at hand.

The forces of law and order when aroused and united, are indeed mighty. To arouse these forces was the task THE EVENING WORLD set for itself, as a piece of public service to which there was an imperative call.

And the word for the hour is still this: The outlaws must go.

THE FOOLISH FLIRTING WIFE.

The girl who flirts is foolish, or even reckless. But she is sometimes, withal, so charming in her flippancy that the sober witness of her foolishness forgives her, saying to himself that she will grow wiser, and that, after all, she means no harm.

But the married flirt is worse than foolish, and almost worse than reckless. The wife who invites the attentions of the smiles of another man than her husband risks her own life's happiness for the momentary gratification of her vanity.

A woman in a Kentucky town is today the wife of a murderer. She is prostrated by the blow, and yet the chances are as indicated by circumstances that she tempted the man whom her husband killed yesterday. It was a case of detected flirtation, of insane jealousy, of a ready pistol, of bloodshed.

Of course no man will take thinking the risk of causing such a tragedy as this. But the thoughtlessness which leads to such an end—is it not something to be studiously avoided, even in appearance, by the woman who would be considered true to her husband, her sex and herself?

The Chaplain of the Bethany Faith Home, at Pittsburgh, has been dismissed on account of his prediction for killing the pretty girls at the Home. He tried a line of defense based on "the holy kiss" in the doctrine of St. PAUL.

LEAD THEIR SPOUSES.

Ministers will learn, perhaps in course of time, not to presume upon their cloth in such fashion as this chaplain seems to have done. To the world at large a kiss is a kiss, and it is not a matter in which special indulgence may be accorded to a man because he is of the clergy. Even the "holy kisses" of a chaplain may "take from the peach its blush."

Senator ROSENBERG should remember that he and his Committee are hearing Senate contest cases in the interests of justice, not with the one purpose of seating Democrats. Otherwise they wrong both the people and their own party. The Committee must hear all the evidence on both sides.

The wicked QUAY, whom every Harrison man pursues, is still capable of fine work it will be observed. In the Republican primaries in Philadelphia last night the Administration was soundly beaten and ten Blaine delegates to the National Convention were made sure.

Inexperience and incompetence played their part in the late Brooklyn jury verdict, according to the Coroner's jury. The contractors are responsible, says the verdict. Does it end there, or is the lesson to be made plain enough for all city contractors to read?

Marked bank bills are traced to an Ohio legislator, and there the shade of alleged bribery is thrown upon Senator SUGARMAN's re-election. It is time for a fendish smile from the Forker side of the house.

The "Law and Order League" of Pittsburgh has started in to put down the Sunday papers. So it seems there still a Mrs. Partington, broom in hand, arrayed against an infowing cat tide.

The President may well be concerned about the Chilean situation as long as among any of his subordinates there is the disposition to make war where no war is called for.

Prince RUSSELL expresses himself as tired of playing the role of President's son. He will be glad if his father does not run again. Is this another Blaine straw?

The Railroad Commissioners echo public sentiment in recommending all possible haste in the work of establishing the block system on the New York Central.

A United States cavalry trumpeter has fallen here to \$55,000. How he will blow his own horn now.

Arion sells for \$150,000. It's worth while to own the most remarkable trotter in America.

New York's outlaws are perhaps getting convinced that they must go.

I had thought that every avenue for the employment of women had been sought out, but I was greatly surprised yesterday to meet a bright woman traversing a field heretofore considered exclusively masculine. She was Miss Belle McKoy, of Canada, who is the charming and efficient press agent for Tragedian Robert Dwyer. The young lady has full knowledge of the requirements of such a position and the Chicago manager, who said her ability is equal to her knowledge.

Regarding the docking of horses, I read a communication from a Virginian the other day in which he claims that he docked a pony while she was eating, and she did not raise her head from the manger, showing that the pain, if any, must be very slight.

I see that Gilbert Waescher, a Minnesota man, proposes to make a tour of the world on horseback. He will start from Chicago Feb. 1, take the steamer for Havre from New York, thence to Moscow, Russian Siberia, Western China and Peking. From there he will take the steamer to San Francisco, cross the Rocky Mountains to Chicago, where he expects to arrive in July, 1893. Mr. Waescher is thirty-six years old and stands 6 feet 2 inches in height.

Congressman Timothy J. Campbell and his brother will make their first public appearance in this city at the ball of the Post-office superintendents and clerks at the Lenox Lyceum Friday evening. I am told that a box has been engaged for the newly wedded couple, and they will hold an impromptu reception.

Mr. Burdett-Conti, who has been in New York since the horse show collecting material for a work he is writing on the hackney horse, has made it his business to breed hackneys for the market, and his breeding stables in England, which he calls "Brookfield stud," are the largest of the kind in the world. It is said that he makes money enough out of the sale of his horses to supply him with all the pocket money he requires.

Make a Note of It.

(From the Boston Record.)

Chicago does not want the International congress, but thinks Paris is the place for it. For once the Windy City has found something it does not want.

He Should Not Be Backward.

(From the Chicago Times.)

If there is any other office Mr. Parker would like to fill for it to be hoped he will not represent his legislature. There is scarcely any man in the legislature who would be elected constable or justice of the peace.

Well, That Is a Question.

(From the Cleveland Post.)

Will John Sherman help in the scheme to bounce Alhier and give his seat to Parker?

Understands Lodging Tactics.

(From the Syracuse Courier Herald.)

Garr, the Boston Revolutionist, says that he has been a newspaper man nearly all his life. That explains his fertility of resource in dodging the troops of both Mexico and the United States.

Are Agriculturists Inclined.

(From the Boston Record.)

Yes, said Press Agent Richards, of the Park Theatre, after reading the theatrical criticism in the Tuesday morning papers, "they can't palm these New York successes off onto us boys unless they have cows and horses in them."

WOMEN REVEAL HOW THEY MAN-

age Their Husbands.

Matrimonial Secrets Exposed by "Evening World" Readers.

Practical Plans to Make Domestic Life Happy.

The question which has recently agitated the women of Boston, "How to Manage a Husband Properly," is being rapidly brought to a satisfactory solution by women who read THE EVENING WORLD.

Great interest is being manifested in this contest, and the award of the prize will be no easy matter. All letters received will be considered in making the decision, though it is impossible to print a large number. The contest is governed by the following:

CONDITIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD will give a gold double ring to the woman who shows best

"How to Manage a Husband." The plan must be contained in two hundred words, written on one side of the paper, have the writer's name and address (not necessarily for publication), and be directed to HENRIKSSON EDITOR, EVENING WORLD, POLYTECHNICAL BUILDING.

Be a Turtle Dove, Not a Snapping Turtle.

Although man's nature is a mixture of animal and sometimes resembles a mule in obstinacy, yet if you do not pull the reins of government too tightly he is easily led to believe he is a kind of masculine angel.

If a husband is of a domestic turn and stays in even you can easily manage him through his love for creature comforts. Give him a comfortable, low rocking chair in the warmest corner, slippers, pipe and cigars, and a cup of hot coffee or chocolate. He will be as docile as a lamb, and his newspaper drops to the floor and he has dozed off, he is thankful his mind is at rest. He will wake in a mood to apologize for his large appetite, and a husband would rather domesticate with a turtle dove than a snapping turtle, therefore, if you can, avoid snapping.

If you are going to an evening party, or the theatre, and your toilet "goes all wrong," do not fuss. If you have dozed off, he is thankful his mind is at rest. He will wake in a mood to apologize for his large appetite, and a husband would rather domesticate with a turtle dove than a snapping turtle, therefore, if you can, avoid snapping.

Good Housekeeping Counts Most.

To the Editor:

Begin your married life the way you would wish to continue. Make him your most confidential companion. Practise domestic economy and let him see you know and appreciate the value of the money he has labored for.

Never forget your modesty.

Leave him to his own thoughts and reflections occasionally. Honor him to a certain extent. Study his wants and wishes. Be kind, obliging and neat at all times.

Do not fuss about his domestic troubles nor talk fashions that does not interest him.

Keep all Family Matters Secret.

To the Editor:

Allow a wife of twenty-five years and the mother of eight children to say a word to the younger ones.

I have found the secret of a happy home consists in never allowing a third person to know that secret. Never under any circumstances tell your husband's faults to your mother or friends. You have vowed to take him for better or worse, and if it should prove the worse take your trouble to be kind and forgiving, and do not quarrel with a brother.

We all have our cloudy days, but does it make the sun shiner any brighter if we tell our neighbors that we can't manage our husbands?

Is there something that I have never been tempted to do, and I do not think my husband ever did. I have found more trouble in trying to manage for our children than in managing each other, and we have not found marriage altogether a failure. Mrs. J. V. T.

Treat Him Like an Omnivorous Animal.

To the Editor:

Only about 17 per cent. of husbands are worth managing. Like other animals of the omnivorous class, you can best win their gratitude and affection through their stomachs—but the omnivorous species (too closely allied to their barbarian progenitors) can never be tamed.

If your husband is plain or elderly make him believe you think him the handsomest man in the world and that he is far more attractive than the dapper young fellows in prompt him to believe it, and as he cannot obtain as much appreciation away from home, he will come home to you.

Make yourself personally as attractive and fascinating as possible, and by ministering to his needs and desires, induce him to manage any husband that is worth the trouble. Few are!

Keep Him a Little Jealous.

To the Editor:

To manage a husband successfully is to let him think that he is the best and dearest man that ever lived. Men, as a rule, are conceited. Flatter him to his face and to his friends, so that he hears of it. He will think you are an angel in disguise.

I study to please him in little things, as they often know more than they are given credit for, and I admire everything beautiful in art and nature that you do.

Let him be just a little jealous of you. If you wish him to love and adore you, let him know that you love and adore him. He will all the more.

Above all things, trust him and never quarrel with him. You will all be happy and contented.

Mrs. W. Bridgeport, Conn.

Be Diplomatic.

To the Editor:

A woman who undertakes to manage her husband must be a diplomat. She must find out his weaknesses and his faults, and then, finding out the good and bad points in his character.

Praise him for the good points and avoid the bad points. Make him think he is better than he is. You will do better this way than to be constantly reminding him that he is not perfect.

Always look neat, dress tastefully and be content. Be affectionate. Do the things that he likes to do, and be courteous and kind to him.

Let your husband be a continued courtship. Never demand anything from him for it is his own sweet will and you will get what you want.

ONE WHO SUCCEEDS.

If He's the Right Kind.

To the Editor:

The right kind of a man needs no managing at all. If a man's heart is wrapped in his wife and home he will seek enjoyment nowhere else; but try as hard as a wife may to make a man's home and surroundings comfortable for him, if his heart is not in that wife and home he will seek enjoyment elsewhere, where he will have less comforts.

LILLIE.

Told in Three Words.

To the Editor:

Feed the brute.

I. NOWARR.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

The Man Who Explained.

He was a middle-aged man, with a good deal of rheumatism in his left leg. He had so much of it, and it was so mean about hanging right there, that he dragged the leg and had to use a cane. He got on a Broadway car at the Post-Office after much effort, fell into the only empty seat, and here his troubles would have ended for a time had he kept quiet. But he didn't.

There was some moisture on his mustache, and instead of bringing his right elbow around and wiping it off, he felt for his handkerchief in his overcoat pocket. When it came out a small bottle came with it and was shattered on the floor at his feet. A black liquid escaped, and there was an odor which set every nose to sniffing.

"I've been having a cough, you know," said the man in a tone of apology, "and that's a bottle of squills. I presume you all know what squills are?"

"My sorry, but I couldn't help it. Squills are good for tickling in the throat, and I'd just paid a quarter to get that bottle filled."

The apology seemed to be accepted by all except the man on his right, who crowded out something about taking a hack when he had a cough, and for the next three minutes nothing occurred.

Then the squills man suddenly waved to the conductor to stop the car, and after it was stopped asked if that was Canal street.

"Canal! We are not within six squares of Canal street!" replied the conductor, as he nudged the bell-ringing two bells.

"I would say," remarked the squills man, as he looked around, "that I supposed we had reached Canal street. Nothing was further from my intention than to unnecessarily detain the car."

That also seemed to pass off all right, except with the man before mentioned. He growled again, and was heard to say that he ought to have taken an Elevated train. It looked now as if a happy household had settled down to solid enjoyment, but it was not to be. The squills man made a sudden dive into his left-hand overcoat pocket for his dogskin gloves, and as they came out three or four solid-looking caramels, a bunch of hairpins, a lot of wooden toothpicks and the ace of clubs came out with them and scattered over the floor. Everybody looked and began to grin.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the squills man, as he made a great effort to recover his presence of mind, "I desire to explain that—"

"You can't!" interrupted the man who had growled.

"No, sir! You will only make the case worse by trying to. Better get off the car!"

"I think I will," he said. "Yes, I think I had better get off."

And he went out looking dazed and scared, dropped off the step unaided of his leg, and the car rushed nimbly onward with the squills spreading out more and more, and that ace of clubs gradually working under the seat to find the king of hearts and take the trick.

M. QUAD.

WORLDS.

Probably the youngest woman evangelist in the country is Fannie Edwards, a fifteen-year-old Louisville girl, who has been preaching the Gospel to Tennessee mountaineers. She is very attractive in appearance and quite eloquent, it is said.

The deepest depth of the sea is reported to be at a point twenty-three miles north of San Guinea, where soundings showed a depth of 27,000 feet.

The first piece of iron chisel, a letter, and frequently seen on the walls of old brick buildings serving as girders, are said to have been old-time symbols of the sun.

The greatest quantity of antiquity was Albion, the Roman, who has been preaching the Gospel to Tennessee mountaineers. She is very attractive in appearance and quite eloquent, it is said.

A stationer of small things figures it out that the posterity of one English apostle amounts in ten years to something like 276,000,000,000 birds.

VACANT VERSES.

Overheard.

Was dark upon the waters.

Source a star gleamed in the sky.

But I was the ghastly shadow

Of a row boat passing by.

Then I heard a gentle whisper—

"Was a voice I didn't know

And the corner was enlighting—

"Do you think I look like you?"

—Judge.

Misdirected Affection.

She sent him a kiss in her letter

Two weeks ago.

And the dear little girl passed to ask his

That she had sent a letter.

—Puck.

Ingratitude.

One day you said you would seek me out.

"Old man," I'm broke," said he,

"You won't have to look for me now."

"I'll find you."

—LIFE.

All Light Save Honor.

(From Judge.)

She—I find, sir, that you are engaged to three girls besides me. As a man of honor can you explain that?

He—I'll tell you to tell you that I am a Mormon convert.

Naval Item.

(From Texas Shipings.)

Mr. Smartly—We are going to have trouble with Chili. If we have war our white squadron will be a fine place.

Charlie Slow—Like a fine place. How is that?

Mr. Smartly—Well, you know a fine place has a great opportunity.

"THE CABINET MINISTER."

It was Arthur W. Pinero who gave us "The Squire" and "The Wicker Seat," and with those plays he forged bonds of gratitude that must entitle him to future consideration. If the fact that he has written himself out has not impressed itself upon play-goers, it is nevertheless true that it is better for a good man to write himself out than for a bad man to write himself in.

Pinero's plays have always been characterized by neatness and literary finish. Of late he has neglected the dramatic essentials of a play for the sake of character episodes. And in "The Cabinet Minister," which was presented last night, this country at Pinero's Theatre last night, Pinero has neglected everything except a few smart phrases.

There is very little plot to the play, which is described as an "eccentric comedy," and it is as far from "The City Directory," for four acts couples rush on and off in well-dressed chatter rapidly, and then chatter rapidly all over again. The play is supposed to satirize the financial difficulties in which the wife of the Right Hon. Sir Julian Trembley, M. P., has involved herself. She falls into the hands of a money-lender, who offers to settle with her if she will let him speculate with some of her husband's Government secrets. This she declines to do, but speculates herself, successfully, losing the money-lender. That is the play, and the plot is all contained in the third act.

Nine of the characters in Mr. Pinero's play have titles, most amazingly long and incoherent titles. Pinero must have been catering to the "Arty and Arty" of London, who adore a title—who wouldn't see a play or read a book that hadn't a "duke" in it. Mr. Pinero has not attempted any character sketches. His people are light, trivial, silly and colorless. The third act is the best of the play. In it the plot starts out to get the better of the financier. It is a bit of the first, and the rest of the play has been devoted to the theme it suggested the comedy would have been a great success.

The play ends with a dance called the "Strathpey," in which all the principal parties, and which is very delightful. It is a pretty and lively, and atones partly for a very wearisome evening. Mr. Daly's only fault is his acceptance of "The Cabinet Minister." He did all he could for it. It was beautifully staged—although the Algerian conservatory was a trifle too suggestive of the outside of a dime museum that is to be seen on Fourteenth street—and it was exquisitely costumed. That Miss Helen did not appear is not wonderful. Go and see the play, and you will understand that there was nothing in it for her.

The hit of the evening was made by dear old Mrs. Gilbert, who danced as gracefully and as vigorously as a girl of sixteen—more graciously and more vigorously than some girls of sixteen. John Drew